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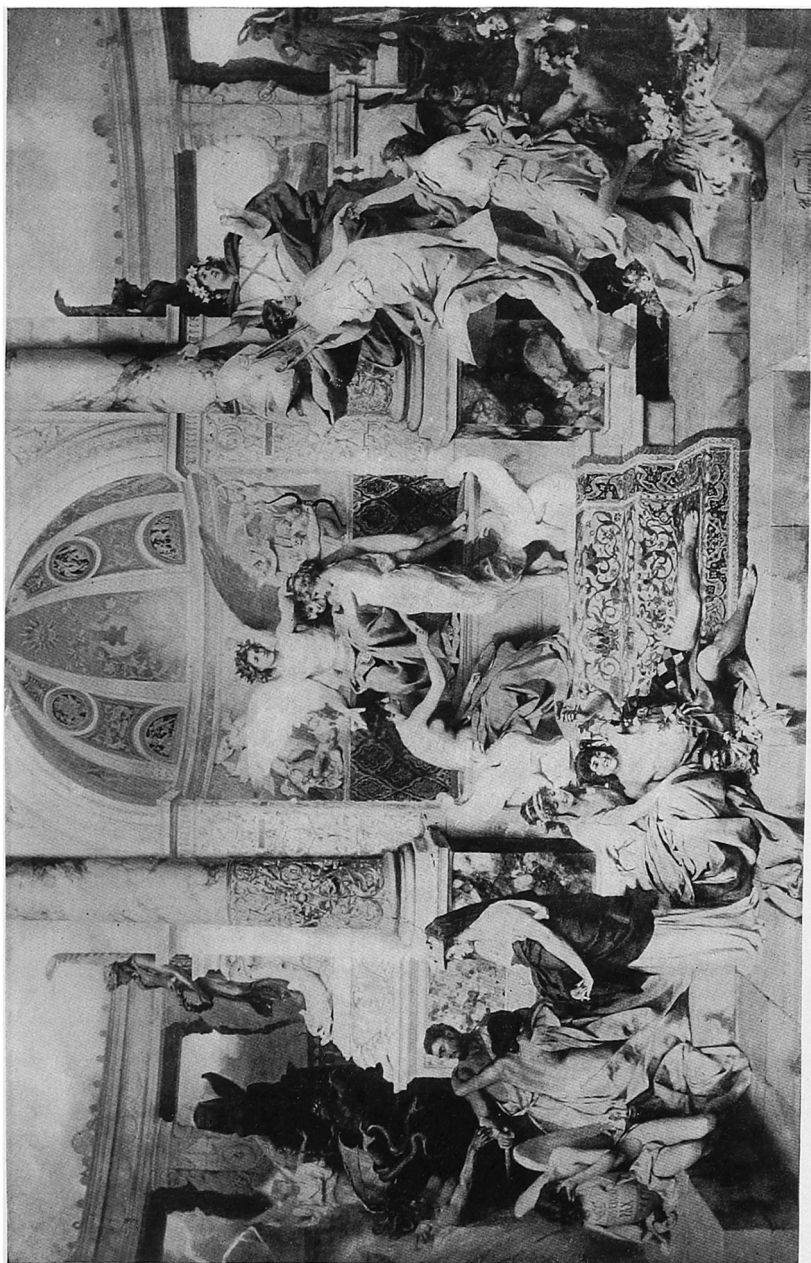
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DROP-CURTAIN IN THEATER AT CRACOW
By Henryk Siemiradski



BRUSH AND PENCIL

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TEMPERAMENT IN POLISH ART

Several years ago the president of the Warsaw Fine Arts Society confided to the writer a grievance against Americans generally. So many of us, he declared, persist in calling Munkaczy the greatest of Polish painters.

It is not that we do not appreciate and recognize the greatness of the Hungarian artist whose brush created the matchless "Christ Before Pilate," the Varsovian explained, it is that we ignore other Polish artists whose works are equally great.

The recent death of the Polish painter Henryk Siemiradzki, well

known over Europe as the king of theater curtain painters, has reminded the world of art that it is as deeply indebted to Poland in the matter of painting as in that of music. Siemiradzki's curtains in the theaters of Cracow and Lemberg satisfy every demand of the artistic taste. The allegorical groups are so well balanced, so subtly conceived, and yet so plainly just the right combinations. Equally as famous as a painter of field scenes and as the artist of "The Torches of Nero" and "Phryne," Siemiradzki was also a master of chiaroscuro.

There is a Roman arbor scene in the gallery in Warsaw which is worth a journey to Europe to see. I entered the room on a cloudy day and wondered why the sun seemed to have come out just enough to shine on this painting, mottling the foliage of the vine over the arbor and checkering the stones with patches of vivid, living sunlight and shade—the warm light and cool shade of sunny Italy. But there



HENRYK SIEMKIEWICZ
By Leon Wychulkowski

was no rift in the clouds. Then I looked for some concealed electric lights, cunningly placed to illuminate the canvas. But it was the painter's brush unaided which had suffused the scene and made it glow as with life.



ILLUSTRATION FOR THE LORD'S PRAYER

By Josef Mencina Krzesz

Polish art has always vividly set forth the temperament of the race, a temperament which, while pleasure-loving, is pervaded so thoroughly by the *zål*. There is no English equivalent for this word. It describes the emotional soul of the Slavonic race, dominated by the note of despair. Nature and history have combined to draw the Slav soul tense. Happiness and variety of life are very desirable, but they seldom breed artists or exquisite temperaments of any kind. Monotony was on the face of nature when she turned it toward the Slav. Severity is the mood in which history has always regarded him. And he has re-

sponded by tuning all his art to the "heights and depths of a divine despair." Polish art, in every phase, thus reflects Polish experience.

Melancholy and sadness have ever been the portion of the Slav. Even when he is gay the effort is often evident. The country in which he lived originally, and in which so many of his race still live, is not cheerful. There is much snow in winter, and even in summer

the coloring is dull. Dun, neutral tints cover the face of the landscape on the plains, the home of the race. Where there is color it is not varied. A pine forest in Lithuania, the neutral reds and browns stretching unbroken for many miles, is one of the most beautiful and maddeningly monotonous sights I have ever witnessed. The whole landscape in Russia and in the greater part of ancient Poland is lacking in relief and character. The only vivid coloring is on the dress of the peasants, who, it would seem, endeavor to supply by art and handicraft what nature has withheld.

The vast, treeless, gently undulating plains involuntarily make one sad. The eye glides over seemingly infinite space like the wastes of the ocean which lose themselves on the horizon. Where does the earth end and the sky begin? No landmark rests the eye, no hill, and for many miles, no trees. The mind is overcome by a vague feeling of unrest. Involuntarily, it seemed, my companion on part of the journey over the steppes turned and said, "Wie traurig!" "How sad!" I echoed.

History has been even more severe than nature on the Slav. His biography is a tragedy, and he himself has generally been the victim. For centuries he was the prey of the savage nomads from Asia.



ILLUSTRATION FOR THE LORD'S PRAYER
By Josef Mencina Krzesz



DROP-CURTAIN IN THEATER AT LEMBERG

By Henryk Siemiradski

Bloody, fierce conflict, battle constant and to the death, for his home and family, has been his lot. The sense of insecurity and apprehension never left him. As regularly as the winter rolled around, Sienkiewicz tells us, the Poles said, "In the spring the horde will come."

Another powerful factor in the development of the Slav has been his geographical situation. Constant, close contact with Eastern peoples has inoculated him with some of the Eastern mysticism and fatalism. This is noticeable even in the Pole of to-day, though he does so strenuously insist upon his pure Occidentalism. The influence exerted by the repeated onslaught of Turk and Tartar can be traced in Polish custom and costume, art and architecture, poetry and politics. The national costume itself has a strongly Oriental cast about it. If you watch the Polish aristocrat and Polish peasant as they walk almost side by side in the procession of Corpus Christi, you cannot fail to note the flaming reds and yellows, the turban effects, the gorgeous Eastern combinations of feather, sash, girdle, boot. You see it also in the peasants with their long white cloaks, with flaming skirts often slashed and spangled with color. I have seen a Cracovian costume that might easily have been mistaken for that of a Kurd or an East Indian, except that the colors are rather more artistically blended.

The most casual observer will note the dash of the Orient in Polish architecture. The dome, even occasionally approaching the minaret, the arabesque tracery, the rich, kaleidoscopic, byzantine effect of the

decorations in the churches—all partake of the symbolism of the Orient. One of the greatest of all Polish poets, Slowacki, sings like a mystic bard of Teheran. Added to the melancholy and volcanic resignation burned into his soul during centuries of struggle with nature and man, all the mysticism, fatalism, sensuousness, of the Orient surged up against the Pole, broke, and when it ebbed, the impress, the savor remained. The restless intellectual vigor and military genius of the Occident nerved his breast and arm as he struggled, but it could not quite turn back the undercurrent from Asia. These influences and many more must be understood and reckoned with before one can begin to grasp what has burned in the soul of a Chopin, a Slowacki, a Malczewski.

On a small side street in Cracow is a quiet, unobtrusive house, its rooms lined and littered with curious implements, trappings, and paraphernalia of centuries gone. Knights and ladies, men of church and chargers of war, could rise to mass and feast and battle in these rooms if there were only some angel of Ezekiel to make the dry bones of vestment and weapon instinct with life. The very bones themselves are not lacking. From a glass case on the wall, surrounded by half-finished sketches, grins the skull of the great Kazimierz (Casimir), king of Poland. A dozen years or more ago the master hand which could make these worthies of generations past glow on the canvas as with life itself laid down his brush. Before Jan (John)



THROUGH THE LILY FIELDS
By Piotr Stachiewicz



A CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINEER
By Constantin Laszczko

of Cracow. This was in the early years of the sixteenth century, while Prussia was yet a fief of the Polish crown. "Sobieski before Vienna" and the "Battle of Grünwald" are perhaps equally great creations. The first pictures the Polish king receiving the plaudits of the Viennese after his gallant rescue of their city from the Turks. The Grünwald canvas shows Prince Witold, of Lithuania (then part of Poland), in the very flush of victory over the turbulent Teutonic knights. In the "Sermon of Skarga" the artist has seized upon a "critical moment" of judgment, not triumph. The central figure is the priest

Matejko exhibited his painting "The Sermon of Skarga" in Paris, 1864, none but Frenchmen had taken the Versailles prize for painting. Poland's historical painter, who established the Academy of Painting in Cracow, and was really the dean of the Polish school of art, began, in 1864, to paint the "critical moments" in Polish history.

Historical scenes, chiefly battles, covering four centuries of his country's history, make up Matejko's work. "The Homage of Prussia," one of the most famous of these canvases, represents Duke Albert of Brandenburg doing homage to the Polish King Zygmunt (Sigismund) in the market-place



KING SIGISMUND AND HIS QUEEN
By A. Grottger

Skarga, prophesying the downfall of Poland if the Poles do not mend their ways. There is something majestic, like the prophets of old, in the face of the brave priest as he stands before the Diet preaching and warning the proud, fractious nobles of the woes that will come upon their country through their lawlessness. Pride, power, and dissoluteness stand out on some of the faces before him, while on others can plainly be seen remorse, and on others, fear. There is no blur of heads as the figures fade into the background. Each face has its own clear-cut individuality. For this painting the artist was decorated at the Paris Salon.

Matejko's fidelity to detail is wonderful. History itself is not more accurate. When his canvases contain two hundred figures (as they sometimes do), this means that two hundred different individuals or types have been studied with laborious, studious care. The painter occasionally forgets his perspective. In the end he quite ruined his eyesight. Historic faces can often be recognized in his work, and sometimes he uses himself as a type. When the tombs of the kings in the Wawel Cathedral in Cracow were opened, Matejko took the skull of King Casimir the Great to his studio. Several months of study of the whitened bone and the trappings on the wall resulted in a splendid canvas of the monarch, as near to the man himself, it is believed, as a photograph. Matejko's was a beautiful, patriotic character. He gave away his best paintings as free gifts, nor would he accept any return for his marvelous restoration of the church of Panna Marya (the Virgin Mary) in Cracow.

The paintings of Arthur Grottger are almost as popular with patri-



THE NERMAN
By Constantin Laszczko

otic Poles as those of Matejko. His crayon drawings "Warszawa," "Polonia," and "Lituania" ("Warsaw," "Poland," and "Lithuania"), allegorical representations of the three divisions of the commonwealth, are especially fine in their bold, artistic insight. Grottger's working years were, unfortunately, so short—they were only six—that his contributions to Polish art are not numerous—a cause of deep regret.

The modern school of Polish painting, however, has not followed



IN THE CHURCH
By Josef Chelmonski

Matejko. Symbolism and melancholy lie too deep in the Polish temperament to remain silent for long. Although the past quarter of a century has seen the realism of the two Kossaks with their splendid horses and battle scenes, and the landscapes of Brandt and Chelmonski, the tendency is toward the allegorical groups of Siemiradzki, the neurotic, often obscure, symbolism of Malczewski, and the idealized types of Stachiewicz, who is of the new school of illustrators.

Malczewski's canvases always remind me of De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He would have made splendid presentations of scenes from Slowacki's "Kordjan." His first well-known paintings—a series on Siberia depicting the horrors of the mines and

the sufferings of the Polish exiles—were masterly in the way they caught the stern reality but beautiful heroism of the martyrs. They were not, however, the Malczewski *milieu*. His most famous painting, finished three or four years ago, is entitled "Melancholy," and it is a thoroughly characteristic product of the artist's creative brain. In subject it is mystical, and more, it is fantastical. What Malczewski means by his fantasies perhaps no one but himself really knows. But



PRAYING FOR A BLESSING ON THE HARVEST
By Piotr Stachiewicz

the technique and the coloring are wonderful. Entering the Austrian building at the Paris Exposition, this great painting, with its mad rush of figures, struck the eye with a bewildering force. Looking at it as a whole, the impression one received was overwhelming, and even without thoroughly understanding the thought, the spectator felt that the painting was a masterpiece.

The names of Falat, formerly court painter to His Majesty Francis Joseph, Wyczulkowski, and Mehoffer are in the lists of every art exhibition. Falat is at present the head of the Art Academy in Cracow, and is especially noted for his snow scenes. His figures are delightful. Mehoffer was decorated at the last Paris Exposition. Stachiewicz's crayon illustrations of peasant legends, a number of which were

exhibited in Paris in 1900, were pronounced the best subjects for "half-tone" work shown in many years. The crayon work of Włodzimierz Tetmajer has a fine rich softness. Tetmajer has made a specialty of peasant types. He has studied the peasant for many years and must certainly have the courage of his convictions, for he married a peasant woman and is the father of quite a family by her.

The modern spirit of symbolism run riot, known as "impressionism" (in Polish *Secessja*—Secessionism), has found exponents among Polish artists. Purple cows, green roses, impossible mermaids, ladies with mysterious draperies which begin nowhere and apparently have no end, and vegetation conventionalized and etherialized till it needs a map and a dictionary to explain it—the idea, or lack of idea, is the same, whether one sees it in the studio of the late Aubrey Beardsley, in the pages of *Munich Jugend*, or on the walls and windows of the church of the Franciscans in Cracow.

A genuine sympathetic touch, as well as a true artistic insight, is required to treat peasant types, as the Munich Art Exposition of 1901 showed. This was possessed by Josef Mencina Krzesz, a Cracovian. In his seven allegorical tableaux illustrating the Lord's Prayer, Krzesz has brought out beautifully the humanity, the fundamental humanity, of this universal human cry, by showing the Christ always very near the needy children of the soil in all their life experiences.

Although so well known in the salons of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and London there is very little work by Polish artists in this country. The Russians have been much more fortunate than their fellow Slavs in this respect—every art-lover knows the Verestchagin canvases. A few paintings by Polish artists were exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago, but afterwards removed. At the present time I have not been able to discover in this country more than a dozen really noteworthy canvases from the brushes of Polish artists. Three of Jan Chelminski's are in a New York gallery: "Marechal Bessieres," "The Aide-de-Camp," and "Yorktown, Oct. 17, 1781."

Jan Chelminski began his art career by appearing at Munich in 1874. Ten years later he came to New York, where his studio became the favorite resort for sporting and racing men interested in seeing their favorites on canvas. Many a winner at the Cedar Hurst (Long Island) races was painted by this artist. "First Flight" and "Full Cry" were especially noteworthy in the graphic way they combined the portraits of the actual members of the Meadow Brook Hunt with vivid scenes of hunting life. Chelminski also exhibited frequently in London, and among his later well-known canvases are portraits of English and Russian royalties. Some of his best pictures are in private galleries in this country. A fine perspective and a rare fidelity to local color are, perhaps, the most distinctive qualities of Chelminski.

"Pris après la foire, Ukraine," by Josef Chelminski, is in the

possession of a Washington gentleman. Wiernsz Kowalski's "Wedding Party" and Włodzimierz Tetmajer's "Shyster" are in Chicago. That is nearly all the representation of Polish painting in a country which knows Poland's music so well.

The noble monument to Mickiewicz in Cracow is also a monument to the art of its creator, Cyprian Godebski, the most eminent Polish sculptor, who is well known in Paris. His friends are fond of telling a good story at his expense. Some years ago the citizens of a French provincial town ordered from Godebski a monument in honor of their



THE SERMON OF SKARGA

By Jan Matejko

good mayor. When it arrived they were horrified to see the green tinge which, alas for their unappreciative eyes, the sculptor had spent so much labor in bestowing. So they straightway polished it to a beautiful bronze "shine."

Some of the most strikingly original work in bronze to be found among the products of modern sculptors are the busts of Constantin Laszczko, of Cracow. There is a Rodinesque vigor and originality about his góral (Carpathian mountaineer) heads. The marble busts of Kosciuszko and Pulaski in the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington are the most noteworthy pieces of Polish sculpture in this country. Their creator, Henry Dmochowski, lived in Philadelphia for many years, working as Henry de Saunders. He went the way of so many Polish patriots in the revolution of 1863, dying in the service of his fatherland.*

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

*For additional examples of Polish art, see following pages.

PLEA FOR A NATIONAL ART GALLERY

I believe in a National Art Gallery for America with all my heart. It is a most desirable thing for the country. We cannot get along without it in the future as in the past. After all, in the civilization and enlightenment of a nation, art is the final test. This is how we judge all nations for all ages. We do not care so much for the



SOBIESKI BEFORE VIENNA
By Jan Matejko

material triumphs of a people so long as we can know their art. This has been the governing principle of the world since history began. We go on discovering things about nations, but we judge them finally by the art that remains rather than by anything else. The art of Greece immortalized that country, for her sculpture and literature rendered her immortal. So with the Aztecs and the ancient Egyptians, both examples of the truth of my statement. They were centuries being understood, but were finally best known by and through their art.

Ours is the only large government in the world to-day with any pretensions that has no national art emulation through national fostering. France, England, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Russia, as governments, all render tribute to art by lending aid for its development and perpetuation, in some form or other. Of these nations, France easily leads the world in the lavish spending of money from

the public treasury for sustaining art. She has acted as a protectorate over art for centuries, and to-day leads the world in taste.

So with Germany; not so extravagant as France, she is anyhow an easy second, and the work of her artists for hundreds of years has been safeguarded under the dominion's jealous care. Italy to-day values her art treasures so highly that a private owner of a great master's painting would be imprisoned were he to take it out of the country for final sale.

Art in Italy is a part of the country's chief assets, and has been worth millions in the way of actual revenue. Art is one of the great sentiments of Italy that time makes stronger.



KORDETSKI ON THE WALLS OF CHENSTAHOVA
By Jan Matejko

Personally, I know of nothing better calculated to establish us among the nations of the earth than this jealous, zealous watching and preserving as a nation the country's art. It is as certain to reflect the temperament and taste of a people in a given period as that the stars shine to illuminate the heavens. It is far too serious a matter to be considered lightly, and a President who would be the means of instituting a national art gallery deserves to be canonized. If art



VENGEANCE OF JURAND

By Batowski

conduces to happiness or culture in the individual, it will refine a people—and refinement is something to be prized in any country.

Twenty years ago the masses of this country knew so little of classical music that a symphony by the Boston orchestra would not have drawn a corporal's guard outside the few leading musical centers. To-day we have progressed so far that the permanent orchestra has developed in a score of cities. This is merely a form of art that is growing in its appeal to popular favor. When a summer resort can maintain for a whole season a Damrosch symphony orchestra, we are making art advances that are real. The founding of a national art gallery will be another and a more enduring, as well as a more important, step in the development of elevated taste in the nation.

The effect of this national art gallery would not be felt soon. Not for a long time. Perhaps it would take a full century for its full

WORK OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

The exhibition of color prints from lithographic stones after old Italian, Flemish, and Dutch masters, which was recently arranged for the Lenox Library, New York, calls special attention to a form of art which has ever been popular with print collectors, and incidentally makes pertinent a short account of a devoted association in England, which for fifty years or more sought to popularize color work and to put before the public at large fac-similes or reproductions as faithful as possible to the originals of many of the world's masterpieces. I refer, of course, to the Arundel society, whose work was generously represented in the exhibition. In these days of striving after new effects, or of developing new means, the efforts of former



IN THE GARDEN
By Josef Mehoffer

workers who have applied themselves to the popularizing of art are apt to be forgotten, and the following little bit of history, therefore, scarcely old, but well-nigh forgotten, will be of interest to the readers of BRUSH AND PENCIL.

The Arundel Society, or the Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Art, was founded in 1848, by a number of art amateurs, including John Ruskin; Layard, the excavator of Assyrian cities; Lord Herbert of Lea; and the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Dilettante Society had already done something to perpetuate works of Italian art which seemed likely to be destroyed, owing to the indifference of Italians

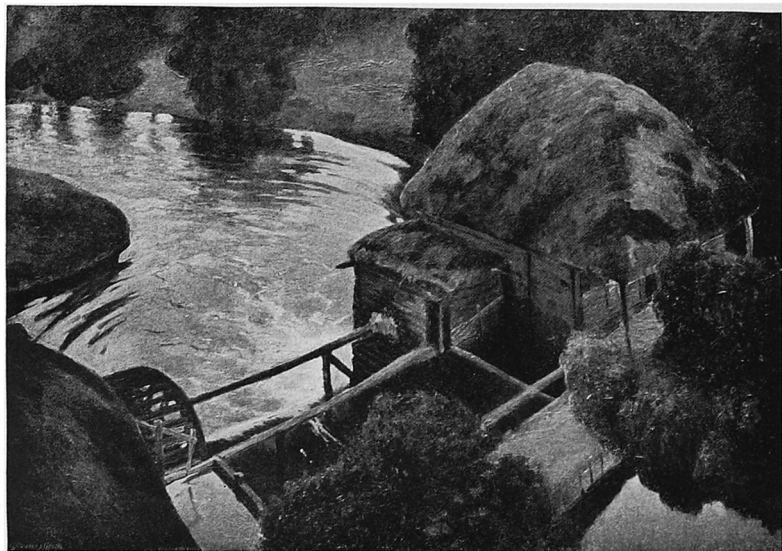


LYGIA
By Piotr Stachiewicz
(See article on Polish Art)



and the disturbances agitating the peninsula during the former half of the last century, but these gentlemen were concerned—on the one hand, at the ignorance of the British public in regard to primitive Italian painting; and on the other, that frescoes, oils, and tempera pictures would disappear from the face of the earth, leaving no accurate reproduction behind.

So the Arundel Society was formed, with a name in honor of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, Lord High Marshal of England,



THE MILLRACE
By Ferdynand Ruszczyk

who in his day was spoken of as "the Mæcenas of the politer arts," "the father of vertu," etc. He seems to have been the first Englishman to have imported any great number of statues from Italy and Greece, with which, about 1614, he adorned the gardens of Arundel house. He used as his scout to obtain pictures and sculptures one William Petty, an uncle of the Sir William Petty who figures so extensively in those lucubrations which Samuel Pepys intrusted in cipher to his inimitable diary.

At first the Arundel Society went in for Italian frescoes, partly because Michael Angelo is reported to have extolled fresco as a masculine art, calling oil-painting feminine, partly because the frescoes in Italy were in a dangerous condition and seemed to need saving



IN DEEP SORROW
By Theodor Axentowicz

by reproduction more than any other branch of painting. Oils were to come in the second rank. As for sculpture, it was decided that a separate department should be created for that. Later on the primitive Flemish and Dutch pictures were undertaken. Thus the great apostle of the pre-Raphaelites was one of the promoters of a publication which was to rescue from oblivion, if the originals perished, the early Italian works he so greatly admired and also to popularize the primitives.

How well the work was done could be seen at the Lenox Library by those who happen never to have seen the Arundel prints. It was found that England could not supply the craftsmen needed for the undertaking. So a German, Herr Grüner, was engaged, and the lithographic stones were engraved by a German firm. The art of lithography itself may be claimed by Germany. That country supplies the best quarry for the stones hitherto discovered, and to the present day, when lithography has dwindled in importance, notwithstanding the occasional revival of it by Whistler and other artists for their own works, Germany remains the great home of color printing from the stone. This, however, does not mean that in Germany the services of photography have been neglected.

In addition to this way of getting reproductions of the old masters, the Arundel Society began a series of direct copies, instituted a Copying Fund from the entrance fees of members and voluntary subscriptions, and made exhibitions of these copies in the rooms of the society. Until he was incapacitated by illness, John Ruskin adhered to this practice on his own account, employing painstaking artists of whom

he approved to reproduce in oils or water-colors a great variety of Italian work, such as the mosaics in Venice and Orvieto, for museums in England. But whether it was that a large number of the best works had been reproduced, or because popular favor drifted away from these copies, direct, or for lithographic multiplication, the fact is that the ardor has given out, and the Arundel is no longer what it was. One may say that it has reached the historical stage when it is time to sum up what it did for good in its time.

If one takes such a picture as the "Annunciation," by Fra Angelico, one of the many small pictures he painted on the walls of the cells of the monastery in Florence, one sees that an attempt has been made to reproduce it as it probably looked when just painted, not as it looks in this age. The lithographic system is not direct. There is the man between who made the copy in colors, and then there are the men who engraved for each color the stone that belongs to that color. The person who superintends the printing is, of course, very important; he must not only understand printing, but have an eye for color which few possess. What is the result? The Fra Angelico tells us. Here is a neat, clean, reasonable impression at great cost of time and money, from which the savor of the original has evaporated. The result must be unsatisfactory in the extreme, unless that original, to begin with, is of the same neat, clean, and reasonable sort as the copy—which the real masterpieces are never!

This has become in time so clear to connoisseurs that they often have pre-

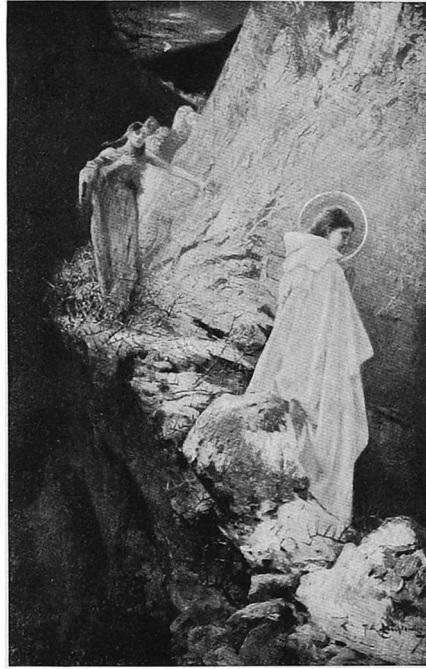


A SPRING SONG
By Acek Malcewski

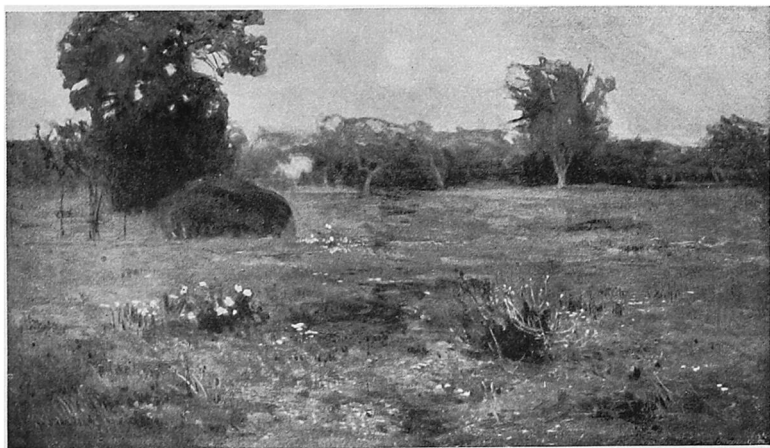
the Blue Mosque," sold for \$1,450. "La Jeunesse," by Lefebvre, brought \$1,000. A large picture, "Le Murmure de la Source," by Seignac, a pupil of Bouguereau, sold for \$850; and a highly colored Laissement, "In the Garden of the Vatican," brought the same amount. "An Algerian Guard," by Pasini, sold for \$825, and a good example of Ralli brought \$800. An interesting water-color by Rosa Bonheur, of a "Deer in the Forest," sold for \$700, a satisfactory price.

✿ The sale of the collection of ancient and modern pictures belonging to the late Eugene Lyon took place in the Galerie Georges Petit, and brought together a large number of collectors and dealers. The total realized was 315,960 francs (\$63,192). The highest price paid was for a Corot, "Paysan à Cheval Dans la Campagne," which fetched 73,000 francs (\$14,600). Eleven years ago, at the Alexander Dumas sale, it brought 40,000 francs (\$8,000), so that its value has increased 33,000 francs (\$6,600).

✿ Advices from Paris say that the two days' sale of the Arsene Alexandre collection at the Georges Petit Gallery realized \$33,924. A Renoir pastel, "The Bathers," brought \$1,460, and a plaster bust, by Carries, "A Russian Beggar," \$740. M. Daumier's "Le Fardeau" brought 14,000f. (\$2,800); M. Fantin-Latour's "La Source" went to M. Felix Girard for 6,950f. (\$1,390); M. Le Renoir's "La Baigneuse Accoudee" and "La Baigneuse," two nude pendants, brought 11,000f. (\$2,200); M. Cagnacq-Pettit paid 2,350f. (\$470) for M. Raffaelli's "Vue de St. Etienne"; M. Dumont-Blot gave 1,150f. (\$230) for M. Toulouse-Lautrec's "Le Refectoire"; M. Helleu's "La Lecture" brought 1,850f. (\$370); and M. Dannat's "Daria la Bonita" 1,820f. (\$364).



OVER THE THORNY PATH
By Piotr Stachiewicz



MOONRISE

By Jan Stanislawski

♣ Raeburn's portrait of Sir John Sinclair of Ulster was sold at Willis' auction rooms to Martin Colnaghi for \$73,500. A Gainsborough picture of the duchess of Devonshire fetched \$47,250.

♣ At the sale of modern pictures and drawings from the collection of the late Ernest Gampart, consul-general for Spain, at Christie's, the following are some of the prices: "Dedication to Bacchus," by Sir Alma-Tadema, on the panel exhibited at Chicago in 1893, \$29,400; "On the Alert," by Rosa Bonheur, \$16,275; "The Picture Gallery," by Sir Alma-Tadema, \$13,125; "A Noble Venetian," being a portrait of J. L. C. Meissonnier under that guise, by himself, dated 1866, \$7,180; "A Foraging Party," by Rosa Bonheur, \$6,560; "Fair at Seville" and "The Sick Child," by J. Domingo, \$4,885; "Le Chien de Chasse," by Rosa Bonheur, \$2,885; "St. Vincent de Paul," by L. Bonnat, \$2,625.

♣ The recent sale at Christie's of the F. Manly Sims collection of old masters did not create much interest except in one instance, and this was quite unexpected. Late in the sale there was offered a set of twelve sketches, illustrations in charcoal, and wash, by Fragonard. Nobody seemed to take much interest in this set at first, and when the bidding started at the small price of five dollars no one dreamed that such a sensational fight for the possession of these modest looking drawings, yet rare works of art, would ensue. Bidding waxed keener and keener, and much amazement was displayed among many of the spectators when \$500 was reached. But they had more cause for surprise when the money ran up with rapidity until \$5,000 was bid.

It was then discovered that a sharp contest was taking place between Messrs. C. Barnard and Eyles. Still up went the price for what these gentlemen considered was a treasure to be won. After an exciting contest Mr. Barnard came out winner at a cost of \$5,300.

♣ That William Blake's work has lost none of its value to collectors is shown by the following prices paid for various of his productions at a recent sale at London: "Songs of Innocence and Experience," colored, 1818, \$1,500; "The Book of Thel," eight plates, 1879, \$385; "Europe," seventeen plates, 1794, \$1,015; "Urizen," twenty-seven plates, 1794, \$1,535; "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," twenty-seven plates, \$1,300; original inventions for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," twelve drawings in colors, \$9,800; "Illustrations of the Book of Job," original drawings and proof engravings, 1825, \$28,000. The total for eighteen lots reached the sum of \$48,881.

♣ A sale of pictures at the hotel Drouot realized 48,000 francs (\$9,600). The principal prices were "Scotch Greyhounds," by Troyon, bought by M. LeRoy, for 18,000 francs (\$3,600); "Reverie," a figure of a woman, by Lenoir, bought by M. Cahn for 13,300 francs (\$2,660); a "Femme a l'Eventail," by Lenoir, which brought 10,000 francs (\$2,000). Lenoir, it is said, received 150 francs (\$30) for painting "Reverie," twenty years ago.



YORKTOWN, OCTOBER 17, 1781
By Jan V. Chelminski